

IMPORTED MACARONI and SPAGETTI

EASTERN CHEESE CREAM...

A. V. ALLEN

SOLE AGENT FOR BAKER'S BARRINGTON HALL STEEL-CUT COFFEE.

PHONES—711 AND 3871 BRANCH PHONE—713

APPALLING CALAMITY

(Continued from page 1)

ed managed to turn back and they reached the fire escape and the windows in the rear. What happened at the foot of that first flight of stairs will never be known for all those who were caught in the full fury of the panic were killed. After the flames had died away, however, huge heaps of little bodies, burned by fire and trampled to things of horror told the tale as well as anybody need know it. Various and unconfirmed statements are made as to the cause of the fire and also that the doors of the building had been locked at the front entrance while but one door of the rear entry was unfastened. Janitor Fritz Herter, himself a believer of the children, says that the doors were open according to custom. At any rate the congestion of fleeing children in the hallway below effectually barred the way and the little ones went to their death totally unable to evade the flames. Within three hours after the start of the fire it had burned itself out and the work of recovering the bodies proceeded.

The village fire department only has two engines and neither upon arrival at the fire was at all effective in stemming the flames. Janitor Herter could remember little of what happened after the fire started. "I was sweeping the basement," he said, "when I looked up and saw a wispy of smoke curling out from beneath the front stairway. I ran to the fire alarm and pulled the gong that sounded throughout the building. Then I ran to the front and rear doors. I cannot remember what happened next except that I saw the flames shooting all about and the little children running down through them screaming. Some fell near the entrance and others tumbled over them. I saw my little daughter Helen among them. I tried to pull her out but the flames drove me back. I had to leave my child to die." Herter himself was badly burned about the head.

Miss Catherine Wheeler, one of the nine teachers in the school lost her life in a vain effort to marshal the pupils of her class and lead them to safety. She died in the crush at the rear door. Her room was on the second floor, and when the fire alarm was sounded she marched her pupils out into the hall, thinking it was only a fire drill. Then the truth dawned upon both teacher and pupils and her control was lost.

The children in a frenzy plunged into a struggling mass ahead of them. Miss Wheeler attempted to stem the rush but went down under it and her body was found an hour later piled high with those of her pupils. Miss Fisk, another teacher, was taken out alive, but she cannot live.

Burning through the supports of the first floor the flames passed upward until all three floors crashed into the smoldering pile in the basement. After the fire had practically burned itself out the work of rescue of bodies began by the firemen and railroad employes from the Lakeshore shops. The railroad company turned over one of its buildings to be used as a temporary morgue and thither the charred and broken little bodies were removed as fast as they

could be dug from the ruins. Within five hours practically all had been removed. They were placed in rows. Identifications were made only by means of clothing or trinkets. The fire had swept away nearly all semblance to human features in the great majority of instances. Distracted parents soon began to gather and the work of identification of blackened corpses began.

The gruesome task of taking out the blackened bits of human remains was one of the horrors. The line of rescuers, backed by half a dozen ambulances, drew up as the bodies were untangled from the debris.

Pains in the back and side may come from the kidneys or liver. Lane's Family Medicine, the tonic-laxative, and a great kidney and liver remedy, will give relief.

POOR LITTLE KID.

LOS ANGELES, Mar. 4.—By one of the strongest decisions ever made here, Jacob Schilb of Minneapolis was to-day granted custody of his daughter, Mildred, 10 years old, whom he had sought for seven years from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and recently found at the home of her mother, his former wife, who is now married to another. Singular conditions attach to the award, Judge Monroe stipulating that Schilb must make his home in Los Angeles, placed the kidnapped child in the custody of another woman and win the affection of little Mildred before he may actually have her in his keeping. And he must also permit the mother to visit the child. Schilb, who also married again after the divorce from his first wife, declares he is glad to comply with the conditions.

When the decision was rendered early this morning, the mother Mrs. Anna M. Malody, fainted. She remains unconscious tonight and it is feared she will not recover.

THREATENING LETTERS.

NEW YORK, March 4.—Miss Grace Strachan, who has led the fight in the legislature for pay for women teachers equal to that given men in the same positions, has informed the police of Brooklyn, where she lives, that she has recently received letters threatening her with death if she does not give up her fight for the equal pay bills in the legislature. Although the police are inclined to think the sending of the letters a joke, detectives have been put on the case and the postoffice authorities have been notified.

Beecher's Wedding Fees.

When Collis P. Huntington was married for the second time Henry Ward Beecher performed the marriage ceremony. Huntington's first wife had been dead less than a year, and he desired the second marriage kept secret until his return from Europe. He gave Mr. Beecher a marriage fee of \$1,500. When Huntington returned some months later he went through a public ceremony, and Beecher again officiated. He gave Beecher another fee of \$1,500. The great preacher had his humor aroused by his second fee. Turning to Huntington, he said, "Collis, I do wish you were a Mormon."—Lyceumite and Talent.

A NARROW ESCAPE

Cavalry Scout Betrayed By a Girl in the South,

HE WAITED FOR FRESH MILK

But Was Confronted by the Command to Throw up His Hands—She Fell in Love With the Scout and Pined and Died.

In 1861 to 1865 I was a cavalryman and a scout. During Sherman's continued fight on his way to Atlanta the enemy would make a stand, throw up breastwork and thus bring our forces to halt. Then our cavalry would push out on his flank, get in his rear, and his retreat would commence again. On one of these occasions, when we were on his flank, our cavalry commander sent me in advance to report on the position he proposed to occupy. I went in uniform, which, in case I was taken, would protect me from the fate of a spy. After going the first half of the distance on my horse I pickedet him and walked. I had a map showing the roads over which the Confederates would march if they retreated, and I crossed most of them without seeing any large bodies of troops. So I resolved to return and report the fact to the general.

Passing through a wood just off the road, I came upon a house, one of those southern dwellings with an open space between two parts. In this case each part was but a single room. Being concealed by trees, I considered it a good place for rest and something to eat. So I went up to the open door and knocked.

A girl about eighteen came to answer the summons. When she saw a strapping young fellow in blue and yellow, with a carbine slung over his back, she turned pale. But I smiled at her as pleasantly as I could, which seemed to reassure her. She was pretty, so far as a country girl of her station could be pretty, and, judging from an ambrotype in the possession of my grandchildren taken at that time, I was a fine looking young man. I resolved to work my way into her good graces and kept up a perpetual look of admiration for the purpose. I told her that, though a Yankee, I had no reason to do her any harm and if she would give me a snack I would consider myself eternally obliged.

There was no one in the house except the girl and an old woman who kept herself in one of the rooms. The girl held me till just before dark. Then I was about to pull away from her, but she said if I would wait till she could find the cow she would fill my canteen with fresh milk. She took a pail and went away. I waited nearly half an hour and was about to leave without a goodbye or the milk when I heard a man's voice order me to throw up my hands. I was sitting on the porch between the two parts of the house. My carbine was resting against a chair. I had my revolver, but dare not draw it, so I put my hands above my head and waited. A man in butternut advanced from behind a tree covering me with a shotgun, followed by two other men and lastly the girl. She had gone away for the purpose of betraying me.

I was disarmed, and the men searched me, finding the map, which they appropriated. One of them went away and returned with a Confederate officer and half a dozen men, all mounted. The officer looked at the map, then at me, and said:

"This is spy work. You are in uniform, but you will be treated as a spy."

The girl was standing by, different expressions flitting across her face. At times she seemed proud of what she had done, then very sorry for it. She asked the officer how a spy was treated, and when he said "Hanged!" she turned white as a sheet. The Confederates put a lariat around my neck and, mounting their horses, started me off at a run on foot before them. I cast a reproachful glance back at the girl and saw on her face a look of horror at what she had done.

We had gone a mile when we met a troop of cavalry and turned back with them. Repassing the house we had left, the officers who had me in charge told the commander of the troop that he would await "the general" there, and I was permitted to sit on the porch in charge of two sentinels. Suddenly there was a sound of breaking twigs, and a scattered

line of horse-men came riding through the wood.

My guard darted away, and when the newcomers reached me the officer commanding them was the captain of my own company.

My general had received orders to push on, which he had done without awaiting my return. I told him that my guards had been awaiting the coming of the general, which meant that the enemy were again retreating.

As soon as I had recovered from this sudden reprieve—I expected to be hanged—I turned to look at the girl who had betrayed me. I never saw such pleading in any woman's eyes, but I was in no mood for it. With a look of contempt, I turned away from her and soon after left the house.

Years after while on a train going from the west of Atlanta I got off at a station from which I had started my scout and drove over to the scene of my adventure. I found the house, but a new family in it. I asked a woman living there what had become of the girl.

"Oh, the gal that was livin' yere in '64? She's dead. She betrayed a Yankee sojer that asked her for a snack. She'd fallen in love with him, but she didn't know it. He was tuk back by his own men, and the gal pined and died."

PERSONAL MENTION

Ike Davis, of Seattle, is a visitor to Astoria.

R. W. McLearn is in Astoria from San Francisco.

O. Goulter and wife of Oysterville, Wash., are guests at the Occident.

Chas. Spindler, of New York, arrived in Astoria yesterday.

J. C. Driscoll of Portland made one of his periodical trips to Astoria yesterday.

WEIGHS 250 TONS.

May Bring Egyptian Tomb to Chicago for Field Museum.

CHICAGO, Mar. 4.—An ancient Egyptian tomb, weighing 250 tons situated near the pyramids twenty miles from Cairo, may be removed to Chicago as a specimen for exhibition in the Field Museum of Natural History. A representative of the museum is making preparations for the transportation of the relic, according to reports from Cairo.

The tomb is near pyramid Sakard and is one of the objects of interest most frequently visited by tourists in Egypt. A great task is before the museum authorities in removing the relic bodily from Egypt to Chicago. It will be taken apart and shipped to America in sections.

It is believed Professor George A. Dorsey, who is making an extensive tour in securing relics and specimens for the museum, has recommended the removal of the tomb. Prof. James H. Breasted, the University of Chicago expedition into Egypt in March in search of ancient relics, has visited the tomb several times and studied it.

FOUR GIRLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Read What They Say.

Miss Lillian Ross, 530 East 84th Street, New York, writes: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcame irregularities, periodic suffering, and nervous headaches, after everything else had failed to help me, and I feel it a duty to let others know of it."

Katharine Craig, 2385 Lafayette St., Denver, Col., writes: "Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am well, after suffering for months from nervous prostration."

Miss Marie Stoltzman, of Laurel, Ia., writes: "I was in a run-down condition and suffered from suppression, indigestion, and poor circulation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong."

Miss Ellen M. Olson, of 417 N. East St., Keokuk, Ill., says: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of backache, side ache, and established my periods, after the best local doctors had failed to help me."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Cheap Rates From the East to Astoria via O. R. & N.

The following is a list of a few points from which cheap rates will apply between March 1st and April 30th:

Atlanta, Ga.....	\$51.65	New York, N. Y.....	\$55.00
Baltimore, Md.....	54.25	Oklahoma, O. T.....	33.45
Boston, Mass.....	54.45	Peoria, Ill.....	36.05
Buffalo, N. Y.....	47.50	Detroit, Mich.....	43.50
Burlington, Ia.....	34.60	Pittsburgh, Pa.....	47.00
Chicago, Ill.....	38.00	Philadelphia.....	54.75
Cincinnati, O.....	42.20	St. Louis, Mo.....	35.50
Cleveland, O.....	44.75	Washington, D. C.....	53.25
Toledo, O.....	43.50	Kansas City, Mo.....	30.00
Des Moines, Ia.....	32.85	St. Joseph, Mo.....	30.00
Louisville, Ky.....	41.70	Omaha, Neb.....	30.00
Memphis, Tenn.....	39.65	St. Paul, Minn.....	30.00
Milwaukee, Wis.....	38.00	Minneapolis, Minn.....	30.00

Money can be deposited here and tickets will be furnished by telegraph without additional cost. For further information call on G. W. ROBERTS, Agent, O. R. & N. Dock, Astoria

Blank books

Up to the highest standards

Bookbinding

After strictly modern methods

Printing

Of every description

Our Facilities Are the Best

And we promptly execute all orders

J. S. Dellinger Co.
Astoria, Oregon

PARCEL POST SYSTEM

(Continued from page 1)

vide that where a package is of undue size or weight a formal notice shall be sent to the addressee to call for it. This practice would continue were the weight limit increased to 11 pounds, in the case of offices having free delivery. Nor would it work a hardship, for under the present weight limit of four pounds the average weight of parcels sent through the mails is but one-third of a pound. Increasing the weight limit would not have nearly as great an effect on the average weight of parcels mailed as seems to be commonly supposed. Where parcels were addressed to persons living on rural routes they would, of course, be delivered by the rural carriers, who would not thereby be inconvenienced, to the boxes of the patrons.

"It has been claimed that the special local rate recommended for packages handled on rural routes would eventually be made applicable to the entire postal service. The impossibility of this becomes apparent when attention is directed to the cost of railroad transportation, which has no part in the former service. About \$45,000,000 was paid last year for mail transportation and \$6,000,000 for postal cars."

OLD DRUG HOUSE FAILS.

CHICAGO, Mar. 4.—After a career of half a century in Chicago, the drug firm of Dale and Sempill has gone into voluntary bankruptcy.

Financial difficulties encountered since moving three years ago from the corner of Clark and Madison Streets culminated yesterday in the appointment of a receiver and on

March 13 he will sell at public auction the assets of the firm which is remembered by old timers as one of the first in the business in the downtown district.

The liabilities are estimated at about \$20,000 and the assets at about \$6,000.

When the firm changed its location to Madison and Wabash Avenue the trade did not follow it. That is given as the main reason for the failure.

The firm occupied the corner of Clark and Madison Streets for 27 years. For many years the Press Club of Chicago occupied the adjoining building and the drug store, being one of the first to keep open all night, was a great resort for the old time newspaper men.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Are You Ill?

WHY NOT CONSULT

Mrs. O. S. Fowler

at Occident Hotel? She will tell you frankly whether you can be cured or not, and teach you to become your own physician in five lessons. Her classes on the use of electricity to cure disease started Tuesday, March 3rd, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

Health consultations and physiological examinations daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. until March 11th.

LATEST IN SUITINGS

Having returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of spring and summer suitings of the latest style and having spent several weeks in studying the fashions prevalent in that city, we are now more than ever in a position to give thorough satisfaction to the most fastidious dresser. NOT IN WORDS, BUT IN DEEDS.

HAUTALA & RAITANEN
Tailors, Corner Eleventh and Bond Streets